

A decorative illustration of a violin and a musical staff. The violin is positioned vertically, with its body and f-hole visible. A musical staff with a treble clef is intertwined with the violin's body. The entire illustration is rendered in a dark blue ink on a light brown, aged paper background.

GOOD OLD TUNES FOR THE *Radio*

BOSTON
OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

NEW YORK
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO.

CHICAGO
LYON & HEALY

PHILADELPHIA
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GOOD OLD TUNES

FOR THE

BANJO

A collection of old time Instrumental and Vocal
Compositions including some of the modern favorites.

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GOOD OLD TUNES FOR THE BANJO.

The Darkie's Jig.

Musical score for "The Darkie's Jig" in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and common time (C). The score consists of seven staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a common time signature. The melody is written in a single line. The second staff includes a "1st Time" repeat sign. The third staff includes a "2d time" repeat sign. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff continues the melody. The sixth staff continues the melody. The seventh staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and triplets.

Buckley's Walk Round.

Musical score for "Buckley's Walk Round" in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in a single line. The second staff continues the melody and ends with a double bar line. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and triplets.

Essence of Old Virginia Dance.



Dick Sliter's Reel.



Buckley's best Reel.



Unsworth's new Jig.



Walk Around.



Mr. Brown.



Snap, Flip Toodleum Dee.



Grape Vine Twist.



Oh, Bring along de Gal.



Old Virginny Jig.



Sandy Boy.



Hi! Ho! de Charleston Gals.



Go way Jenny.



Get Away, Gumbo, Sound Your Horn.



Where's dat Nigger.



Sam Johnson's Reel.



Devil's Dream.



What's Going On?



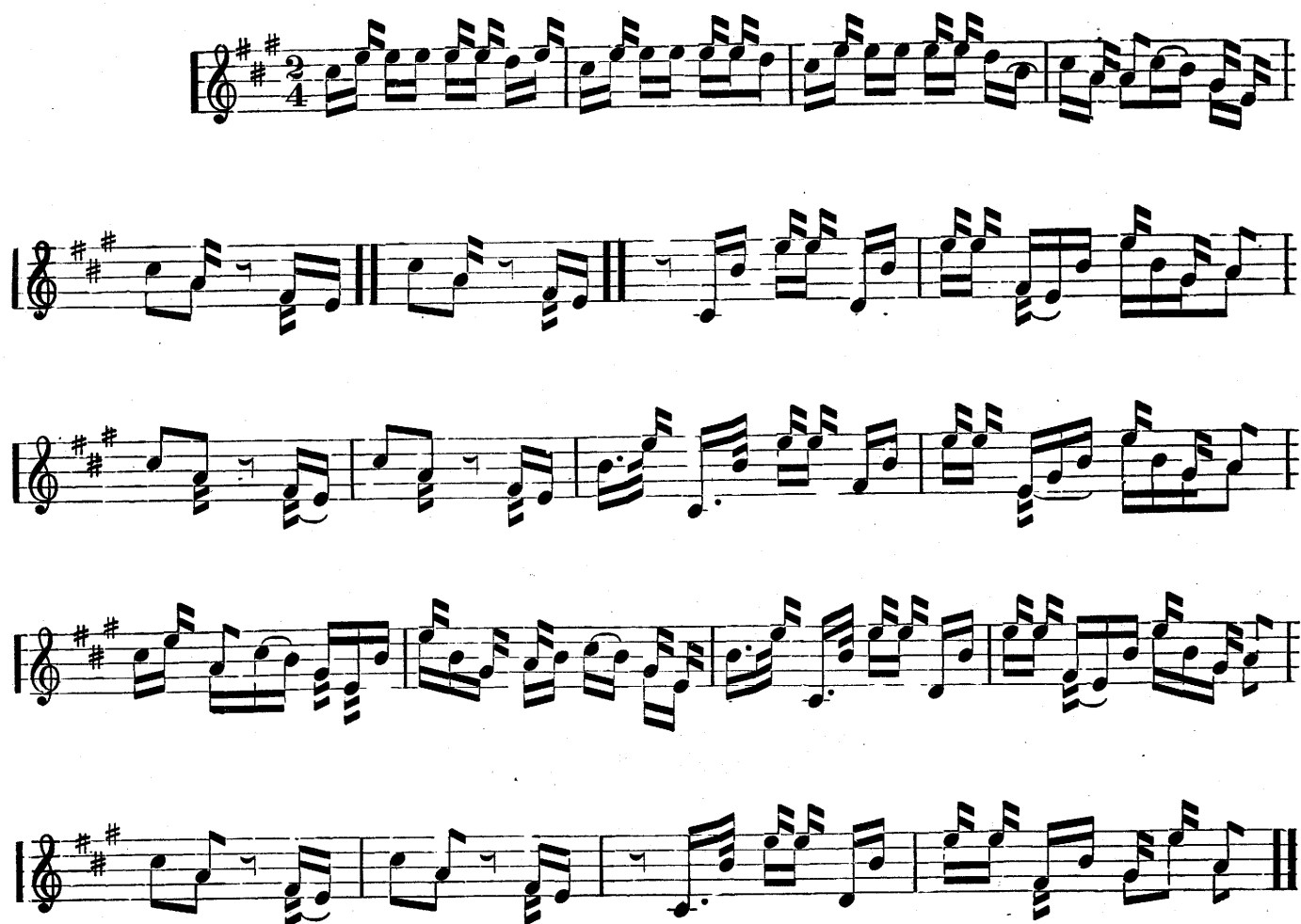
Phil Rice's Excelsior Jig.



Come Shine out Peggy.



Whoop Jamboree.



Oh, John, did you eber seed my Daughter Sally?



The Old Gander.



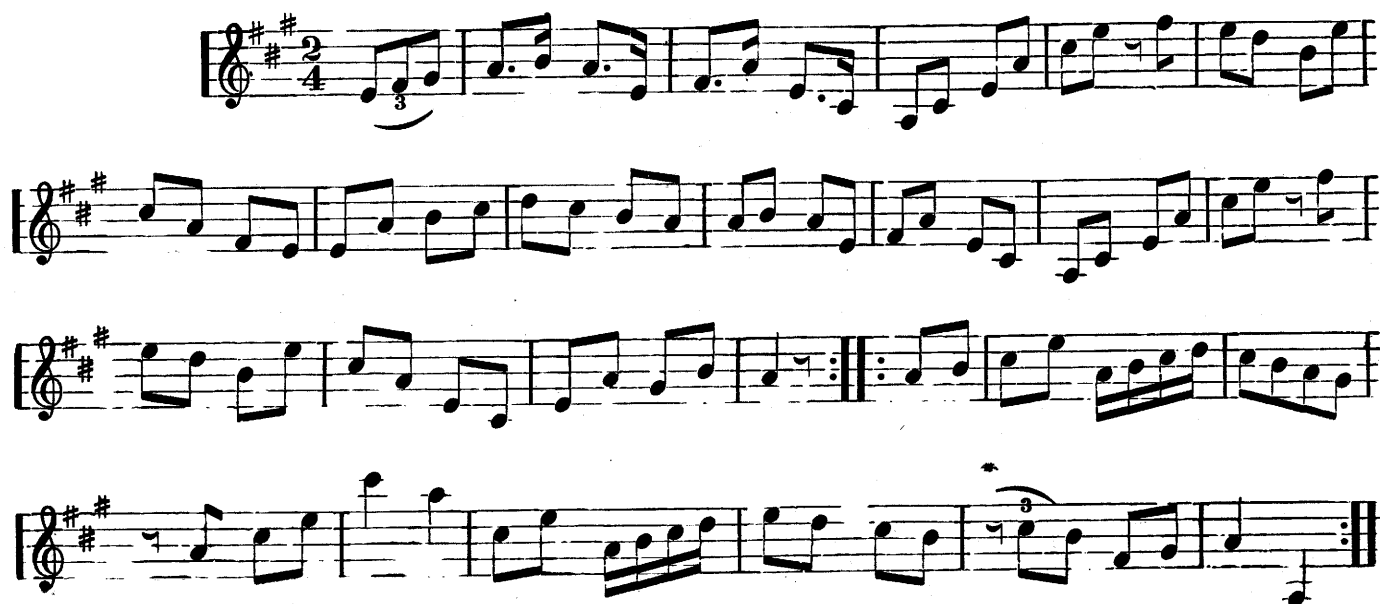
Rise Old Napper.



Mrs. McCloud's Reel.



Set 'em up John.



Come Day, Go Day.



Power of Music.





John Diamond Walk Around.



HAND ORGAN POLKA.

A. BAUR.

TRIO.

FINE.

D.C.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

5*

5*

5*

PEPPER-POT DANCE.



DARKIES DELIGHT.



JUBA DANCE.



MAN IN THE MOON.



A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The time signature is 3/4. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, with some notes beamed together. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the staff, aligned with the notes. The score is presented in a clean, black-and-white format.

The first system of the musical score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the time signature is 2/4. The system consists of five measures. The first measure is labeled 'BAR 5th.' and contains a half note G#4. The second measure is labeled 'OPEN.' and contains a half note A4. The third measure is labeled 'BAR 7th.' and contains a half note B4. The fourth measure is labeled 'OPEN.' and contains a half note C5. The fifth measure is labeled 'BAR 4th.' and contains a half note D5. The notes are written on a single staff, and the measures are separated by bar lines.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is written on a single staff, with a piano accompaniment consisting of eighth-note chords. The score includes a repeat sign at the beginning and a double bar line at the end. The tempo is marked 'D.C.' (Da Capo).

The first system of the musical score for 'The Merry-Go-Round' is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of eight measures. The first measure has an accent (>) over the first eighth note. The second measure has an accent (>) over the first eighth note. The third measure has an accent (>) over the first eighth note. The fourth measure has an accent (>) over the first eighth note. The fifth measure has an accent (>) over the first eighth note. The sixth measure has an accent (>) over the first eighth note. The seventh measure has an accent (>) over the first eighth note. The eighth measure has an accent (>) over the first eighth note. The system ends with a double bar line.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff in treble clef. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody begins with a quarter rest, followed by a quarter note G4, an eighth note A4, and a quarter note B4. This is followed by a quarter note C5, an eighth note B4, and a quarter note A4. The next measure contains a quarter note G4, an eighth note F#4, and a quarter note E4. The final measure of the system consists of a quarter note D4, an eighth note C4, and a quarter note B3. The system concludes with a double bar line.

I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

Voice

1. I'se gwine back to Dix - ie, No more I'se gwine to wan - der, My heart's turned back to

Banjo

Dix - ie, I can't stay here no long - er, I miss de ole plan - ta - tion, My

home and my re - la - tion, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.

CHORUS.

I'se gwine back to Dix - ie, I'se gwine back to Dix - ie, I'se gwine where de

or - ange blos - soms grow; For I hear de chil - dren call - ing, I

I'VE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE. (Concluded.)

see their sad tears fall - ing, My heart's turned back to Dix - ie, And I must go.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef, key of D major) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs, key of D major). The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

2.
I've hoed in fields of cotton,
I've worked upon the river,
I used to think if I got off
I'd go back there, no never,
But time has changed the old man,
His head is bending low,
His heart's turned back to Dixie,
And he must go.—CHORUS.

3.
I'm trav'ling back to Dixie,
My step is slow and feeble,
I pray the Lord to help me,
And lead me from all evil.
And should my strength forsake me,
Then kind friends come and take me,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.—CHORUS.

GRANDMOTHER'S OLD ARM CHAIR.

Moderato.

Voice

Banjo

1. My grand-mother she, at the

age of eighty-three, One day in May was tak-en ill and died, And af-ter she was dead, the

The musical score for 'GRANDMOTHER'S OLD ARM CHAIR.' is in 2/4 time, key of D major. It features a vocal line and a banjo accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The score is divided into two systems. The first system includes the vocal line and the banjo accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and the banjo accompaniment. The banjo part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

GRANDMOTHER'S OLD ARM CHAIR. (Concluded.)

will, of course was read, By a law-yer, as we all stood by his side; To my brother, it was found, she had

left a hundred pound, The same un-to my sis-ter, I de - clare! But when it came to me, the

CHORUS.

lawyer said, I see, she has left to you her old arm chair. And how they titter'd, how they chaff'd,

How my brother and sister laugh'd When they heard the lawyer declare, Granny had only left to me her old arm chair.

2.
I tho't it hardly fair, still, I said I did not care,
And in the ev'ning took the chair away;
The neighbors they me chaff'd, my brother at me laugh'd,
And said it will be useful, John, some day;
When you settle down in life, find some girl to be your wife,
You'll find it very handy, I declare!
On a cold and frosty night, when the fire is burning bright,
You can then sit in your old arm chair.—CHORUS.

3.
What my brother said was true, for in a year or two,
Strange to say, I settled down in married life;
I first a girl did court, and then the ring I bought,
Took her to church and then she was my wife.
The old girl and me were as happy as could be,
For when my work was over, I declare!
I ne'er abroad would roam, but each night would stay at home,
And be seated in the old arm chair.—CHORUS.

4.
One night the chair fell down, when I picked it up and found,
The seat had fallen out upon the floor;
And there to my surprise, I saw before my eyes,
A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or more;
When my brother heard of this, the fellow, I confess,
Went nearly mad with rage, and tore his hair,
But I only laugh'd at him, then said unto him,
"Jem, don't you wish you had the old arm chair?"—CHORUS.

DE LITTLE CABINS ALL AM EMPTY NOW,

1 Oh, dis heart of mine am breaking wid a grief dats gwine to kill; I neb-ber can be han-d-son-y

more; For de cab-ins in de val-ley, and de cab-ins on de hill, All hab got de grass a growin' roun' de

door. De dar-kies all hab gone a way and left me here a-lone, And to de fate dat waits me let me

bow, But dere aint much use of livin' when de joys ob life is gone; Oh, de lit-tle cab-ins all am empty

now. Oh, I hear de owl a hoot-in' in de darkness ob de night, And it brings de drops of sweat out on my

DE LITTLE CABINS ALL AM EMPTY NOW. Concluded.

brow, And I gets so aw-ful lonesome dat I almost dies wid fright, Since de little cabins all am empty
 now.

2.
 Oh, I listen for de shoutin' ob de darkies in de corn,
 But I only hear a sort ob rustlin' soun',
 'Tis de wind among de fodder, and it comes a sweepin' on
 For to tell me dat dere aint nobody roun'.
 In de little 'tater patches now de weeds am growin' high,
 And de water-million vines am gone to waste,
 And de mellons dat was on 'em had to rotten off and die,
 'Cause dere wa'n't nobody roun' to get a taste.

3.
 When de moonlight comes a shinin' frough de empty cabin door
 'Pears to me I sometimes sees a darkey's face,
 And I think I see de shadows dancing all about de floor,
 But dere aint a living soul about the place,
 Dey is gone way off to Kansas, whar dey say dars better times,
 But dar I guess dey'll find dey'll have to plow,
 Just de same as in ole Dixie, if dey want to win de dimes,
 Dough dey's left de little cabins empty now.

I'M DYING FOR SOME ONE TO LOVE ME

Voice
 1. I'm dy-ing for some one to love me, To call me his i - dol, his own, I
 2. I'm dy-ing for some one to love me, I want him to call me his bird, His
 Banjo
 can't bear the thought of re-main - ing For - ev - er on earth all a - lone. I
 duck - y, his own pre-cious dar - ling, And all the sweet names ev - er heard.

I'M DYING FOR SOME TO LOVE ME. Concluded.



want to be called pet and sweetheart, I want to be loved and ca - ressed, I
want him to be all af - fec - tion, And while my head lies on his breast, To



want to be cared for in earn - est, For flirt - ing I e'er shall de - test.
smooth back my tres - ses, and tell me That I am his bright - est and best.

CHORUS.



I'm dy - ing, I'm sigh - ing, Mere friend - ship I ev - er shall spurn; I'm



dy - ing, I'm. sigh - ing, To love, and be loved in re - turn.

3. I may not be overly handsome,
Yet one thing I very well know,
I'm nicer than one of my neighbors,
Who has a magnificent beau.
My heart is just wild for devotion,
Just aching for some one to love,
Just longing to meet some fond being
Who true and devoted would prove.
I'm dying, I'm sighing, &c.

4. There's Charlie, Alonzo and Harry,
There's Ned, Phil, Jack, Willie and Joe,
They can't talk of love worth a button,
In fact they're exceedingly slow.
I want to be loved in dead earnest,
I want a young man who can talk,
Can treat to ice cream and fried oysters,
And take me a nice moonlight walk.
I'm dying, I'm sighing, &c.

5. Mama say's "my head isn't level,
That something is wrong with my brain,
And had she her time to go over,
She never would marry again;
That love is a brilliant hued bubble,
And I but a foolish young dunce,
Who'd better attend to her lessons,
And give up such nonsense at once."
I'm dying, I'm sighing, &c.

6. Perhaps she forgets she was young once,
For one day to Papa she told,
That she could have had twenty husbands,
Before she was sixteen years old.
So now to young men I give notice,
I'm dying to get a nice beau,
And if I can catch the right fellow,
My heart and my hand I'll bestow.
I'm dying, I'm sighing, &c.

ONE MORE RIBBER FOR TO CROSS.

Voice

1. Ole No - ah once he built de ark, Dar's one more rib - ber for to cross; He
 2. He went to work to load his stock, Dar's one more rib - ber for to cross; He
 3. De ani - mals went in one by one, Dar's one more rib - ber for to cross; De
 4. De ani - mals went in two by two, Dar's one more rib - ber for to cross; De

Banjo

CHORUS.

patch'd it up wid hick - ry bark, Dar's one more rib-ber for to cross. One more rib-ber, And
 anchor'd de ark wid a great big rock, Dar's one more rib-ber for to cross.
 elephant chewin' a carraway bun, Dar's one more rib-ber for to cross.
 rhinosceras and de kan - ga - roo, Dar's one more rib-ber for to cross.

dat ole rib-ber am Jor-dan; Dar's one more rib-ber, Dar's one more rib-ber for to cross.

5.
 De animals went in three by three,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 De bear, de bug, de bumble-bee,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

6.
 De animals went in four by four,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 Ole Noah got mad and hollered for more,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

7.
 De animals went in five by five,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 Wid Saratoga trunks they did arrive,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

8.
 De animals went in six by six,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 De hyena laughed at the monkey's tricks,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

9.
 De animals went in seven by seven,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 Says de ant to de elephant, who are you a shoving,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

10.
 De animals went in eight by eight,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 Dey come wid a rush cause 'twas so late,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

11.
 De animals went in nine by nine,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 Ole Noah shouted out dat line,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

12.
 De animals went in ten by ten,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 De ark she blowed her whistle den,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

13.
 And den de voyage did begin,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 Ole Noah pulled de gang plank in,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

14.
 Dey nebber knowed whar dey was at,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 Till de ole ark bumped on Ararat,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

15.
 De ole ark landed high and dry,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 De baboon kissed de cow good bye,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

16.
 Now please just look out for de text,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross;
 To be continued in our next,
 Dar's one more ribber for to cross.—CHORUS.

DAR DE OLE SARPENT WAS A CRAWLIN'.

WESTENDORF.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. The first system shows the piano introduction with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics 'Twas down in E - den' are written below the first staff. The second system continues the melody with the lyrics 'long a - go, Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl - in', Miss Eve come a walk - ing 'long so slow,'. The third system is marked 'CHORUS.' and contains the lyrics 'Dar de ole sar-pent was a crawl - in'. Oh, sinners! hear me now, Dar de ole sar-pent was a'. The fourth system concludes the chorus with the lyrics 'crawl-in', I tell you, oh, sinners! hear me now, Dar de ole sar-pent was a crawl - in'.

2. When he saw who 'twas he cracked a smile,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in',
And he said to his self dats just my style,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'.

3. Now Eve she saw him a lookin' at her,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in',
And she said "I guess you better mind you business sir,"
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'.

4. He looked kind a hurt when she said dat,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in',
And he lifted up his shiny beaver hat,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'.

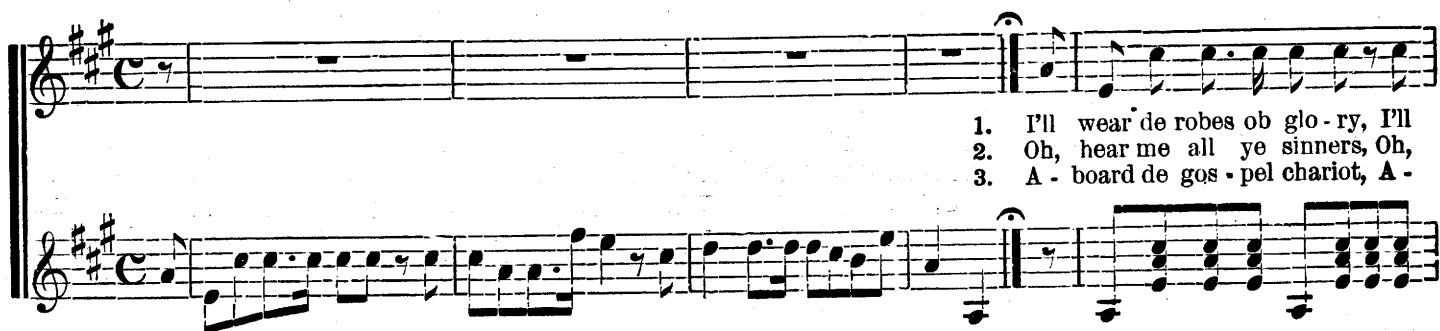
5. Miss Eve she stopped and hemmed and hawed,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in',
And de corner of her palm-leaf fan she chawed,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'.

6. He knocked de apple off de tree,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in',
And he said "wont you please eat dat for me?"
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'.

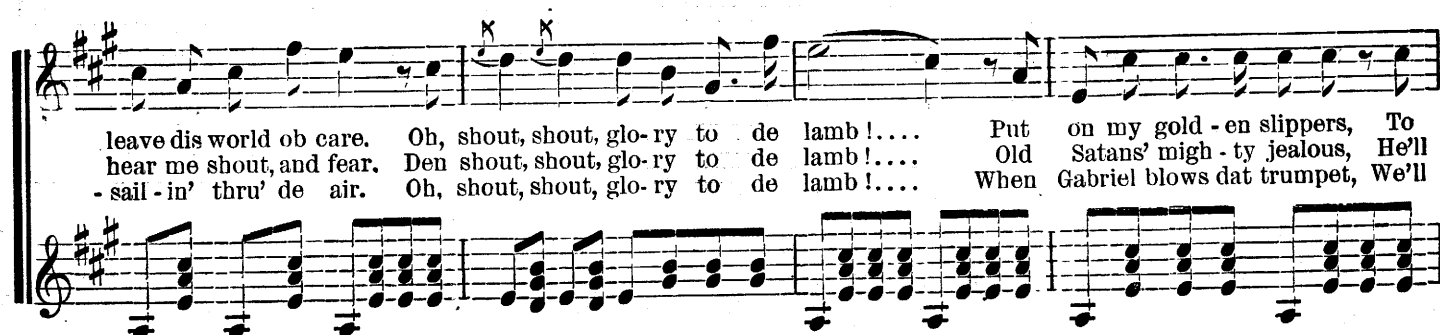
7. Now Eve she knowed dat it wa'nt right,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in',
But she opened her mouf and took a bite,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'.

8. Dar's where de very first sin began,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in',
And it never would a happened if Eve had been a man,
Dar de ole sarpent was a crawl-in'.

CLIMB DE GOLDEN STAIR.

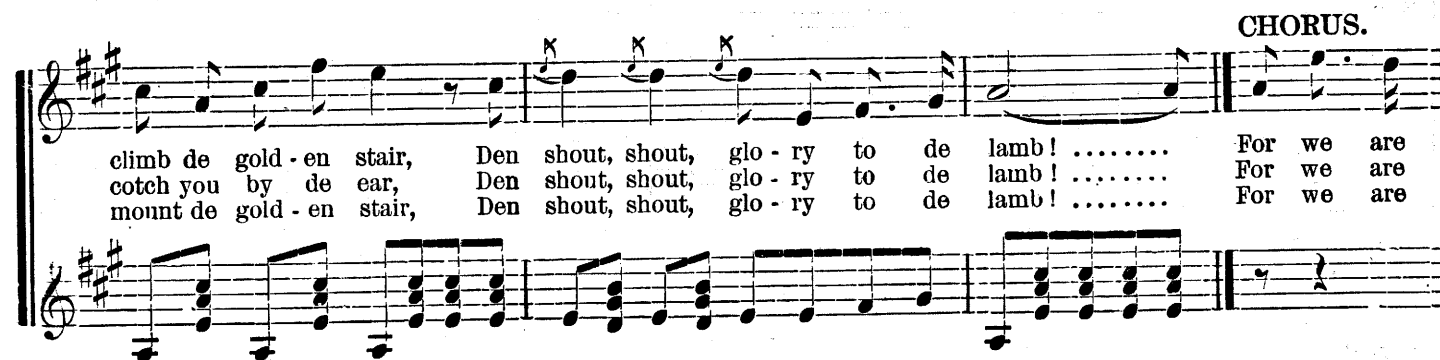


1. I'll wear de robes ob glo - ry, I'll
 2. Oh, hear me all ye sinners, Oh,
 3. A - board de gos - pel chariot, A -

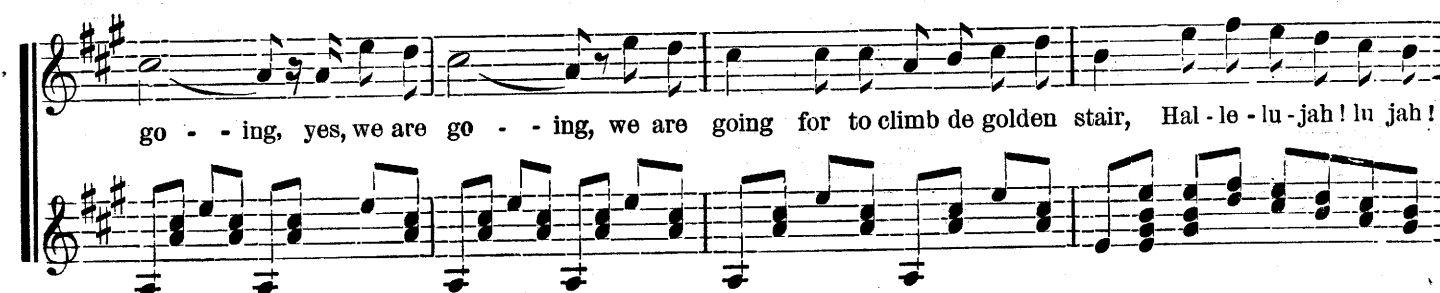


leave dis world ob care. Oh, shout, shout, glo - ry to de lamb!.... Put on my gold - en slippers, To
 hear me shout, and fear. Den shout, shout, glo - ry to de lamb!.... Old Satans' migh - ty jealous, He'll
 - sail - in' thru' de air. Oh, shout, shout, glo - ry to de lamb!.... When Gabriel blows dat trumpet, We'll

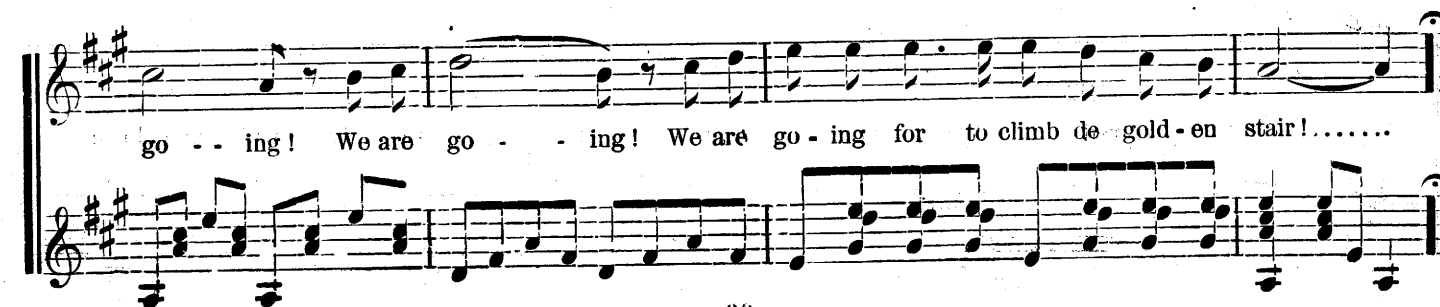
CHORUS.



climb de gold - en stair, Den shout, shout, glo - ry to de lamb! For we are
 coteh you by de ear, Den shout, shout, glo - ry to de lamb! For we are
 mount de gold - en stair, Den shout, shout, glo - ry to de lamb! For we are

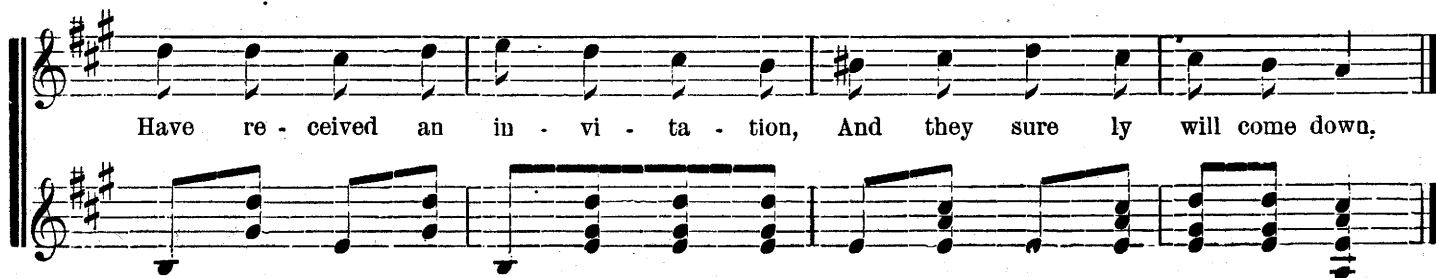
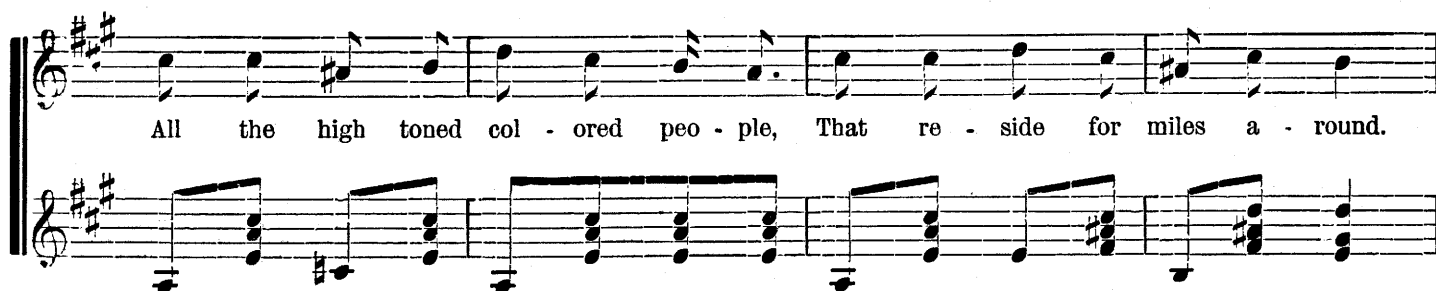
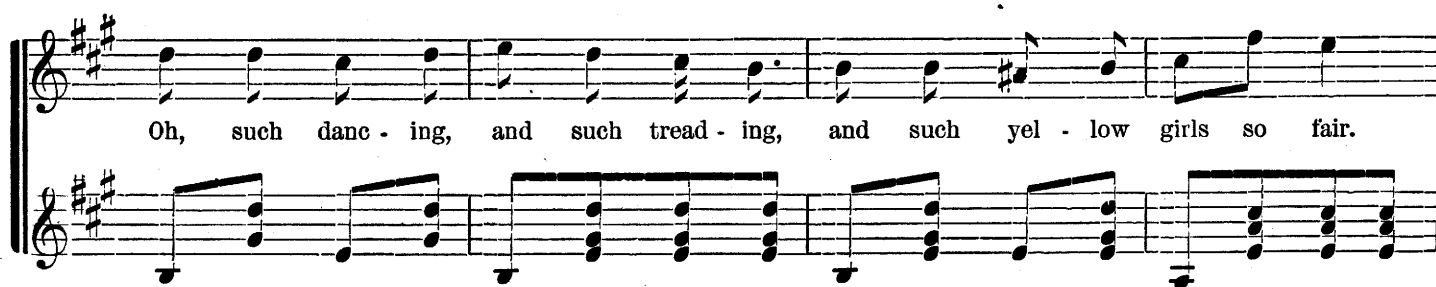
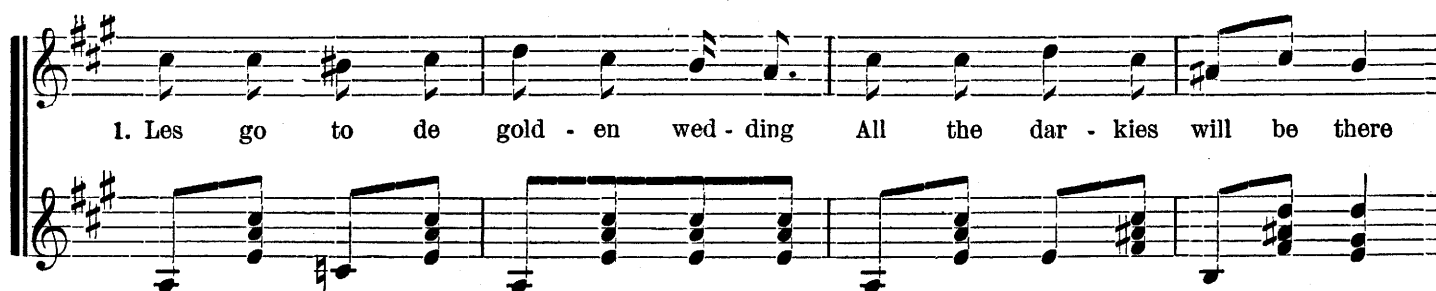


go - - ing, yes, we are go - - ing, we are going for to climb de golden stair, Hal - le - lu - jah! lu jah!



go - - ing! We are go - - ing! We are go - ing for to climb de gold - en stair!.....

DE GOLDEN WEDDING.



CHORUS.



All the dar - kies will be there, Don't for - get to curl your hair.



Bring a - long your dam - sels fair, For soon we will be tread - - ing.



Won't we have a jol - ly time, Eat - ing cake and drink - ing wine.



All the high toned dark - kies will be at the gold - en wed - ding.

2.

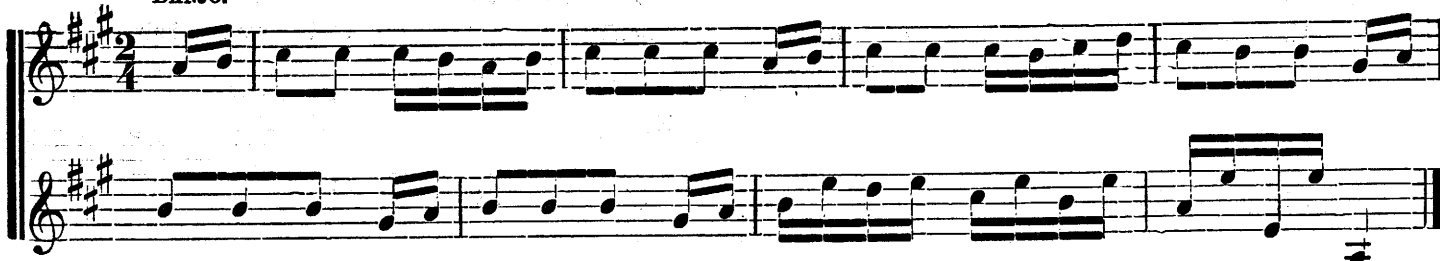
We will have ice cream and honey,
Apple brandy and mince pie.
Darkies, won't it look too funny,
When aunt Dinah does Shoo-Fly?
Uncle Joe, and Hezekiah,
From the old Carlina state,
Will be at the golden wedding,
Kase them colored gents am great.
CHORUS. All the darkies, &c.

3.

Old Jim Grace will play the fiddle,
Beat the bones and old tambo,
And Kersands will play the essence,
On Jim Bohee's ole banjo.
Mackintosh will kiss Lucinda
Kase she is so very shy,
And the little picaninnies,
They will dance and sing Shoo-Fly.
CHORUS. All the darkies, &c.

OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS.

BANJO.



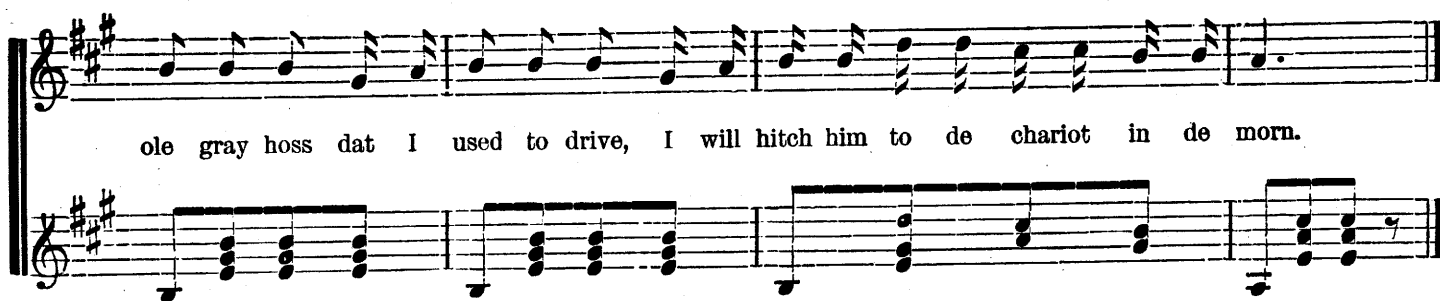
VOICE.

1. Oh, my gold-en slip-pers am laid a -'way, Kase I don't 'spect to wear em till my

wed - din day; And my long tailed coat dat I loved so well, I will

wear up in de chariot in de morn. And my long white robe dat I

bought last June, I'm gwine to git changed, kase it fits too soon, And de



ole gray hoss dat I used to drive, I will hitch him to de chariot in de morn.

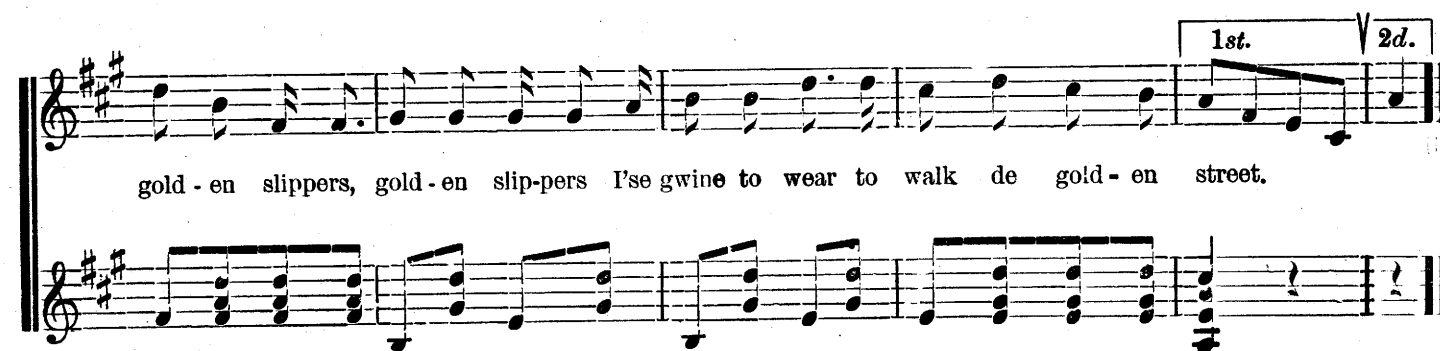
CHORUS. (*First time pp repeat ff*)



Oh, dem golden slippers, Oh, dem gold-en slippers, gold - en slippers I'se gwine to wear be-



- kase dey look so neat. Oh, dem gold - en slippers, Oh, dem



gold - en slippers, gold - en slip-pers I'se gwine to wear to walk de gold - en street.

2 Oh, my ole banjo hangs on de wall,
Kase it aint been tuned since way last fall;
But de darks all say we will hab a good time,
When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.
Dar's old brudder Ben, and sister Luce,
Will telagraph de news to Uncle Bacco juice,
What a great camp meetin dar will be dat day,
When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.

3 So its good bye children, I will have to go,
Whar de rain don't fall, or de wind don't blow,
And yer ulster coats why yer will not need,
When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.
But yer golden slippers must be nice and clean
And yer age must be just sweet sixteen,
And yer white kid glove yer will have to wear,
When yer ride up in de chariot in de morn.

THE WAY I MARCH.

BANJO.



VOICE.

1. Good eve - ning to you one and all I ask your kind at - ten - tion, The
 2. If you should see me on that day, You must not get of - fend - ed, For

sub - ject of my song is one, To you I'll now make men - tion.
 what I say, or do to you, It nev - er is in - tend - ed.

It's a - bout a day not far a - way, Al - though it comes but once a year,
 And when I'm out up - on pa - rade, I leave all oth - ers in the shade, It's

That's the time we.... all.... feel gay, On St. Pat - rick's day in the
grand to see me in the I - rish Brig - ade, On St. Pat - rick's day in the

CHORUS.

morn - ing. The drums will beat and the fifes will play, As
morn - ing.

down the street we march a - way, That's the time we'll

all feel gay, On.... St. Pat - rick's day in the morn - ing.

DANCE.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT TO-DAY.

1. I re - member long a - go, When this

place was in a - glow, And the dar - kies were so hap - py all day long; Then

brisk - ly to our work, Not a hand did try to shirk, And we picked de cot - ton gai - ly, with a

song. First 'twas Ole Car - li - na State, Den down in de cane - brake, Dear - est

May, Don't let dull care leave its fur - row, And ole mas - sa used to say, Make de

best ob it to-day, For you can't tell what may come a - long to - mor - row. And his words come to me now, And his

words come to me now, As we make a cheer - ful bow, As we make a cheer - ful bow, And he

looked so kind and good, Little thinking where he stood, That we'd all be sold away some day in sorrow, And with

tears we hear him say, Make the best of it to - day, For you can't tell what may come along to - mor - row.

2 'T has been many a weary day,
 Since Ole Massa passed away;
 For poor Missis left to d'rect us all alone,
 Still she's done the best to cheer,
 Not a darkeys had to fear,
 For his food and clothes, or roof to call his own.
 And on many a cloudy morn,
 When a little nig was born,
 She would come herself, and drive away all sorrow.
 And whisp'ring she would say,
 Make the best of it to-day,
 For you can't tell what may come along to-morrow.
 And her words come to me now,
 And her words come to me now,
 As we make a cheerful bow,
 As we make a cheerful bow,
 And she looked so kind and good,
 Little thinking where she stood,
 That we'd all be sold away some day in sorrow.
 And with tears we hear her say,
 Make the best of it to-day,
 For you can't tell what may come along to-morrow.

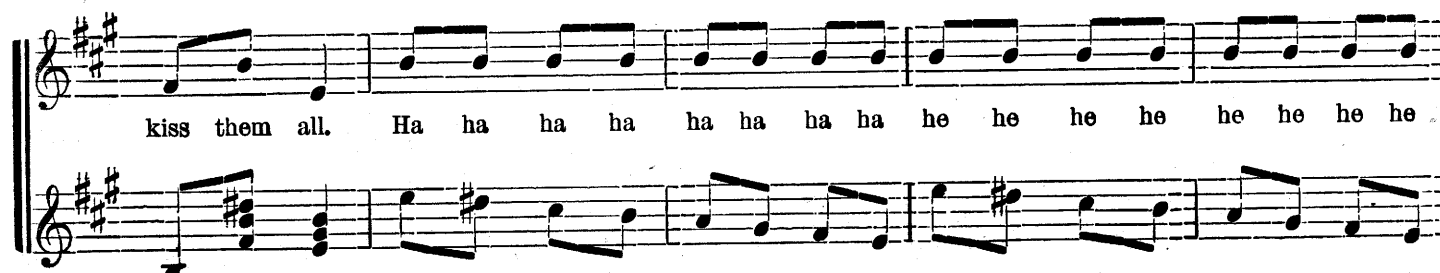
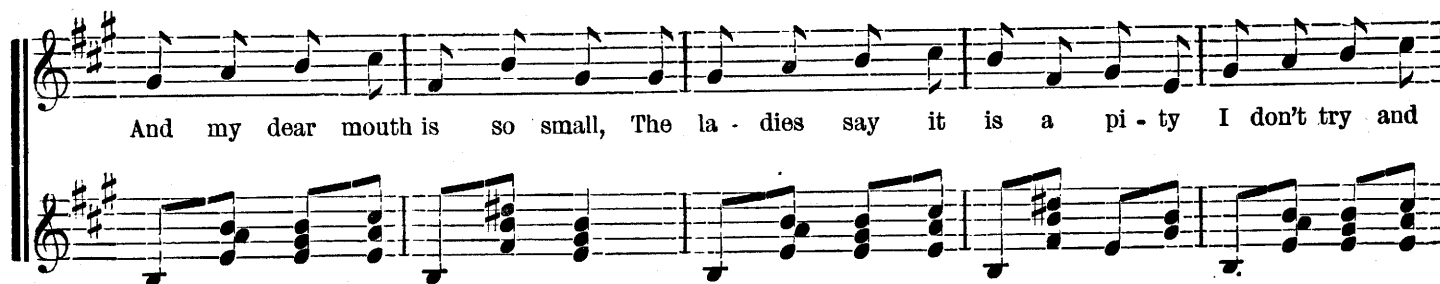
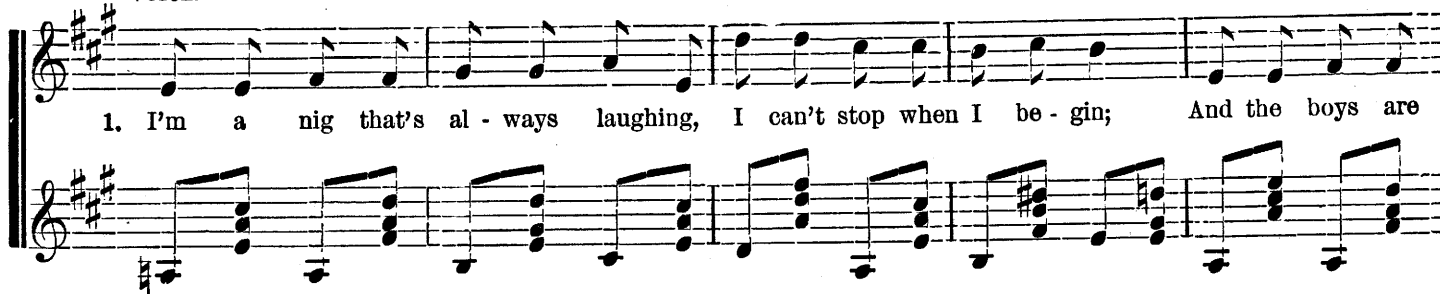
3 Now the time has come for us
 When too soon our love and trust,
 In ole missis that's been good and kind to all,
 So that when dey come to say,
 Step up, now, we sell to-day,
 All de darkies dat belong here, short and tall,
 Don't you dar begin to cry,
 But just hold your hands up high,
 So's to bring a good price, even though they borrow.
 And de white folks all will say,
 They make de best ob it to-day,
 For they can't tell what may come along to-morrow.
 And their words come to me now,
 And their words come to me now,
 As we make a cheerful bow,
 As we make a cheerful bow,
 And we'll look so kind and good,
 While we're thinking where we stood,
 That we've all been sold away this day in sorrow;
 And with out a tear will say,
 Make the best of it to-day,
 For you can't tell what may come along to-morrow.

I'M THE NIG THAT'S ALWAYS LAUGHING.

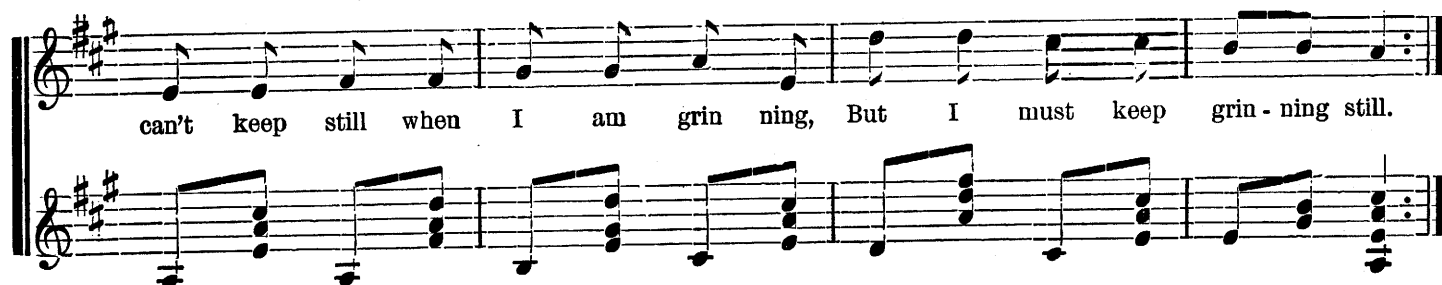
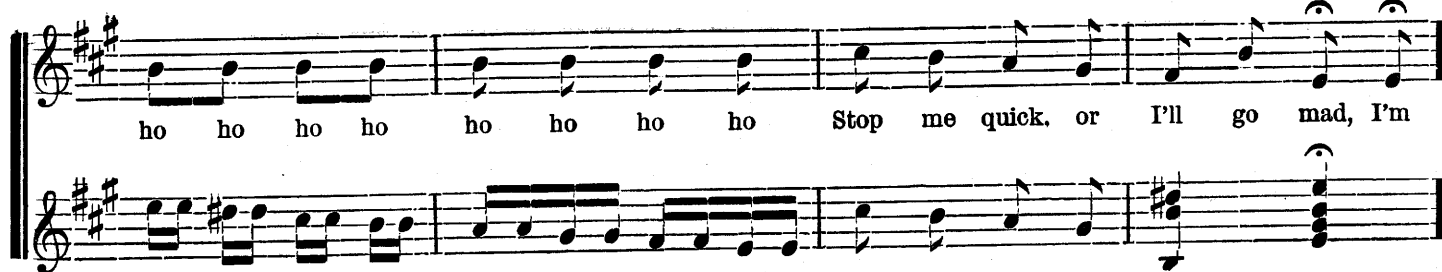
BANJO.



VOICE.



CHORUS.



2 I langh before and after dinner ;
I'm always full of grins and stares ;
And folks do say, as I'm a sinner,
They catch me laughing at my prayers.
I get up laughing in the morning,
And if at me you'll take a peep,
All through the night I'll give you warning,
That I'm a laughing in my sleep.

Chorus.

3 To Washington I went one Monday,
The Politicians made me stare ;
While some they looked six ways for Sunday,
The others swore and tore their hair.

I met Fred Douglas and Senator Morton,
Arm in arm on the avenue,
And Jim Blaine too for the White House snorting,
Was shaking the red rag Buggaboo.

Chorus.

4 I went one night to P. T. Barnum's ;
The lions roared to see me come,
The monkeys grinned to show their larnin,
While the kangarooster beat the drum.
The great female rhinosorous,
Danced with the hippopotamus,
The elephant tread on his own probosis,
And I laughed to hear that elephant cuss. *Chorus.*

White Cat or Black Cat.

White cat or black cat, a - ny cat at all, When you catch de pus - sy cat,

dont you let her squall. Oh, if you catch de black cat, save him, save him,

CHORUS.
When you catch de white cat, shave him to de tail If you catch de black cat,

save him, save him, When you catch de white cat, shave him to de tail.

2 De Tom cat's a gemman and rambler in de dark,
Bull dog he bow wow, and scared him wid his bark.
When you catch de black cat, save him, save him,
When you catch de white cat, shave him to de tail.

3 Bull dog bellowed at de bristles on his back,
When he see'd de pussy cat peepin through de crack.
When you catch de black cat, save him, save him,
When you catch de white cat, shave him to de tai'

4 De bull dog grinned, de pussy cat laughed,
Go away bull dog, you hav'nt seen de half.
When you catch de black cat save him, save him.
When you catch de white cat, shave him to de tau

Bobbin Round.

Dis world wid hum - oug

is quite full, Bob - bin round, a - - round, a - round, E - bry one has some new

dodge or pull, As dey go bob - bin a - round. Bob - bin, bob - bin, bob, bob, bob,

bob - bin, bob, bob, bob, bob, skid a lea drink a bob, as dey go bob - bin a - round.

2 De great sea serpent had his day,
Bobbin round, around, around,
To some odder clime it sped its way,
As he went bobbin around.
Bobbin, bobbin, bob, bob, &c

3 Some ladies are so very small,
Bobbin round, around, around,
Wear high heel boots to make dem tall,
Bobbin round, around, around.
Bobbin, bobbin, bob, bob, &c,

4 Hoghshead hoop skirts is all de rage,
Bobbin round, around, around,

Just room for two inside of a stage,
As dey go bobbin around,
Bobbin, bobbin, bob, bob, &c,

5 Shanghai roosters all de go,
Bobbin round, around, around.
So tall you cannot hear them crow,
Bobbin round, around, around.
Bobbin, bobbin, bob, bob, &c

6 Any thing now you want to by,
Bobbin round, around, around,
Is no account if it aint Shangai,

A bobbin round, around, around. . .
Bobbin, bobbin, bob, bob, &c

7 Dere's de woman' rights convention too
Bobbin round, around, around,
Was fairly tried, but would't do,
Bobbin round, around, around,
Bobbin, bobbin, bob, bob, &c

8 Some in bloomer dress appeared,
Bobbin round, around, around,
Dey was not men, dey wanted beard,
As dey went bobbin round.
Bobbin, bobbin, bob, bob, &c

Gettin Up Stairs.

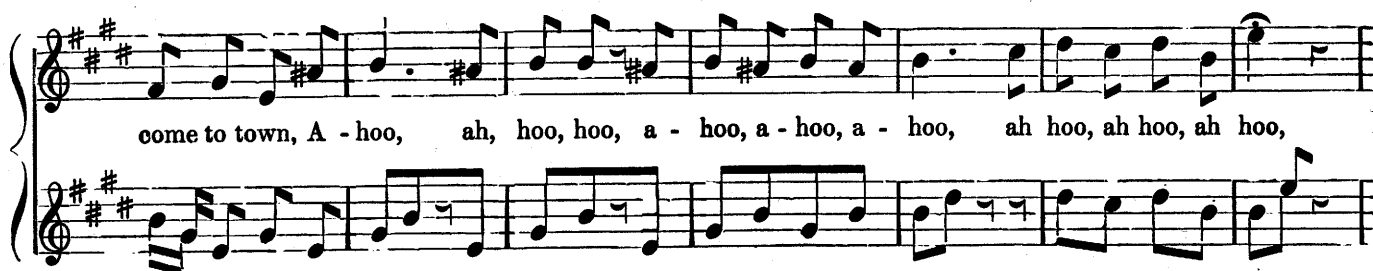


Picayune Butler's come to Town.

Two systems of music in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. Each system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line is written on a single treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

I come to town dis ve - ry day, And brought my Ban-jo long to play, Yah ha, I

raise my notes to such a sound, Dat it clear'd my heel right off de ground, Yah ha.



2

About some twenty years ago,
Old Butler reigned wid his old Banjo,
Ah, ah,
Twas a gourd, three string'd, and an old pine stick,
But when he hit it he made it speak,
Ah, ah.
Picayune Butler's comin, comin, &c.

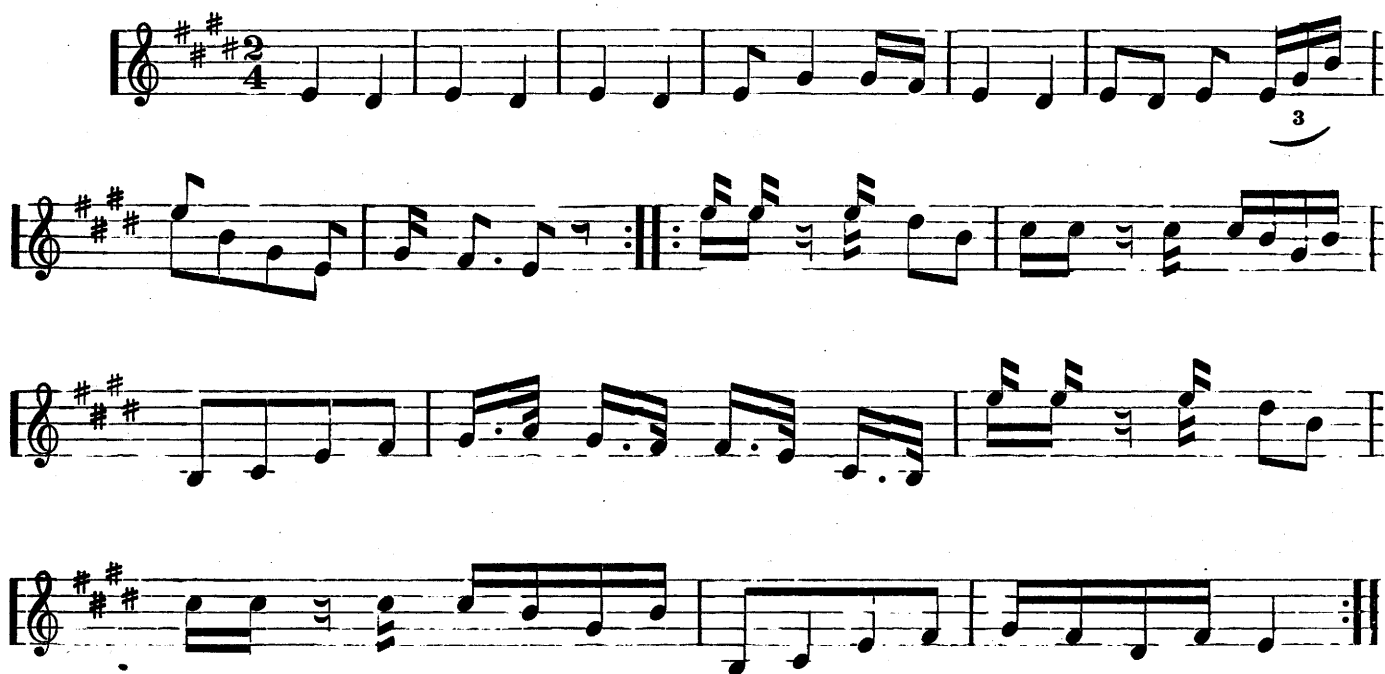
3.

Picayune Butler gwine to rise,
And meet his friends up in de skies.
Ah, ah,
Some thing else am mighty true,
De Banjo gwine to be dar too,
Ah, ah.
Picayune Butler's comin, comin. &c.

4.

Now ladies all I'll hab you know,
Dar is no music like de old Banjo,
Ah, ah,
And when you want to hear it ring,
Just watch dese fingers on de string,
Ah, ah,
Picayune Butler's comin, comin,
Picayune Butler's come to town, &c

Hannah, Hannah, where's you going.



Musical score for the song "Hannah, Hannah, where's you going." The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 2/4 time signature. It consists of four staves of music. The first staff ends with a triplet of eighth notes. The second staff contains a repeat sign. The third and fourth staves continue the melody and accompaniment.

I'm off for Nicaragua.



Musical score for the song "I'm off for Nicaragua." The score is written in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a common time (C) signature. It consists of two systems, each with two staves. The lyrics are written below the first staff of each system.

Such a gwine a-round de horn and a cotch-in ob de cold, And a waitin round de ta - ble on de

white folks, Such a scratching ob de grab - ble, and a dig - gn ob de gold, Oh de



2.

I stopped on de Isthmus my fortune for to try,
To sing dis song and play for Gen'l Walker,
Oh I neber shall forget until de day I die,
Dere was hard times den in Nicaragua
To de land, &c.

3.

. struck em up a tune, and dey all begin to plance,
Dis music ebry one took great delight in.
It made em think of home when dey got thro' de dance.
Oh dey're de boys dats got the game for fightin.
To de land, &c

4.

Dey blowed upon de fife, and beat upon de drum,
When dey found de Costa Ricans was advancin,
Gen'l Walker said, guess we'd better let em come,
Dey shall hab a ball, to set em all a dancin.
To de land, &c.

5.

De little grey eyed man begin to call aloud,
De figures for to set de ball in motion,
We'll furnish dem wid music and feel it mighty proud
Now go in boys, and make em change dare notion
To de land, &c.

6.

So we pull'd off our coats, and we rolled up our sleeves,
You ought to see de Costa Ricans trabble,
Jordan was a hard road dey all began to believe,
For de todder side dey gin to scratch a grabble
To de land, &c

Machine Poetry.



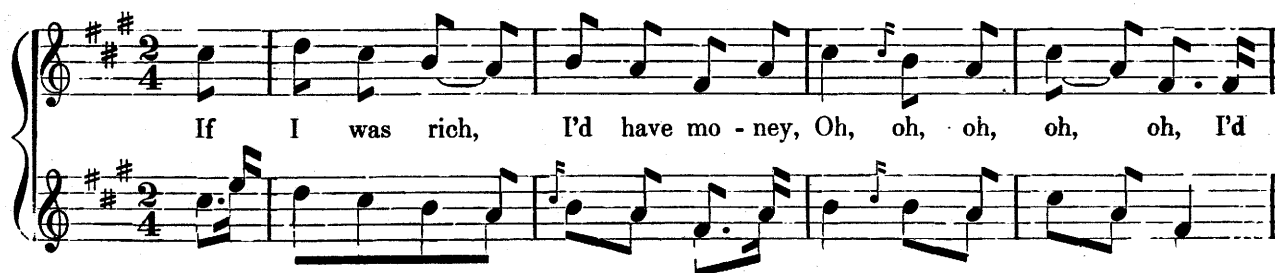
De way dey bake de hoe cake, Vir - gin - ny neb - er tire, Slap de cake up
on de foot, And stick em in de - stove - pipe and keep it dere till it's done brown.

2.
De monkey climbed a tree,
When he got up to de top
He says to himself,
I guess I'd better—turn
right round and come down agin

3.
Wake up skillet tar on de heel,
Tar on de heel,
Go away colored man,
Or I'll skin you like—one of
dem long slickery fish dat looks like
a black snake

4.
Nigga cotched a woodchuck,
He eat him in a minute,
He eat him up so quick,
Dat he didn't have time to—take
de hide of de animile

United States it am de place.



If I was rich, I'd have mo - ney, Oh, oh, oh, oh, I'd

build a sta - ble for my don - key, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, But tax - es are so

ve - ry high, Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, Dey make rents go up to de sky,

CHORUS.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah. U - ni - ted States it am de place, Where old Co - lum - bus

first did land, De Eng - lish dey laid low for blue flies, Put - nam sang out good bye John

2 If I was a soger I'd be some, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
I'd beat de fife and blow de drum, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,
De sogers say dat fightin's funny, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
But when dey'd fight I would runny, ah, ah ah ah ah.
United States it am de place, &c

3 De greatest man dat eber lived, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
Was Barnum, now see what he did, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,
He made de ring tail monkey dance, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,
And bro't a Russian cat from France, ah, ah, ah, a i, ah,
United States it am de place, &c

Oh de Law Gals.

De nig - gar lip's so thick dat he could'nt hard-ly whistle, Pos - sum fat is ve-ry good, I'd

radder hab de gristle, De bees make de honey comb and suck it from de flower, I'm playin on de banjo by de

CHORUS.
lo - co - mo-tive power. Oh de law gals, don't you hear de darkie singin, Rip up in de skid em a jig, dah,

Rip up in de dooden doo, dah, Plays upon de banjo, do'nt you hear de thumble ringin, Rip up in de skid em a jig, dah, hoop de dooden doo.

2 Massa read de big book all about de fightin,
Tellin ob de Russia bear de allies am a bitin,
De queen and de emperor dey tought it mighty funny,
When dey come to pay dere bills dey could'nt raise de money.

3 De eagle flyin sky high, de parrot try to mock her,
De Yankee boys is gwine out to fight for Gen'l Walker,
If dey catch de Costa Ricans dey'll work dem in to chowder
Ram em in be big gun and blow em out wid powder.

4 Old hoss he kick high when he takes a notion.
Dancin on his hind legs a mighty pretty motion,
Bull frog he winked and jump in to de water,
Dar he sat a grinnin at de alligator's daughter.

5 Long heel woolley head choke to deff wid butter,
Massa cotch de nigge drunka loafin in de gutter,
Put him on de treddin mill to make him work de narden
De crows are talkin French to de turkey tazzard
farder.

Oh, what's de matter Suse Ann.

Old Sam-bo had a son born, Dah whoop de doo - den doo,

Old Sambo had a son born, he tought it was a daughter, Yal - low sal de Geor-gia

stag's de big buck in de wa-ter, Oh what's de matter Suse Ann, what's de matter,

my dear, Oh what's de mat - ter Suse Ann, I'm gwine a - way to leave you.

2 De old sow she whistled a jig,
Dah whoop de dooden doo,
De old sow she whistled a jig, de pigs dey danced a reel,
Old Susey jumped up and burst her stockin heel,
What's de matter Suse Ann, &c.

4 Now old folks, young folks,
Dah whoop de dooden doo,
Old folks and young folks, you'd better go to bed,
Kase you put de debble in de little niggas head,
Oh what's de matter Suse Ann. &c.

4 A monkey in de barber shop,
Dah whoop de dooden doo,
Monkey in de barber shop, a pussey on de mat,
De barber shabed de monkey, and de monkey shabed de cat,
Oh what's de matter Suse Ann. &c

Somebody's in de House wid Dinah.



DIALOGUE.

1st Nigger.—(Three or four loud raps at the door.) Who's dare?

2d Nigger.—Why, do'nt you know who I is. I's old Jo.

1st Nigger.—Why, is dat you, Jo?

2d Nigger.—Why, yes, nigger, hurry up and let us in.

1st Nigger.—Now, go away, nigger. If you do'nt I'll throw a whole cellar full of hot taters right down your froat. (Plays banjo very soft and listens.) I wonder what's dat, (continues to play the banjo and listens). It sounds like a banjo in de back parlor. I guess it's some funny blubber lip'd student nigger putting on airs; I'll tell dat gal dat I heard some one in de back parlor, in fact,

2.

I know dere's a nigger in de house wid Dinah.
Dere's a nigger in de house, I know.

If I cotch a nigger in de house wid Dinah,
I'll knock him on de head wid dis banjo.

(Listens and commences playing very soft.)

DIALOGUE

Eh, eh, I hears you, nigger, dat's a big blubber lip'd nigger making lub wid my Dinah, I tell you what it is, de ga need'nt tell me dere is'nt any one in de house, (plays and listens.) Eh, eh, my dander is a risin right up—de fact is I'm sartin, yes,—I know

3.

Dere's a big buck nigger in de house wid Dinah,
Show me dat nigger in de house, by Jo,
Bring me dat nigger in de house wid Dinah,
I'll show him de size of my big toe

So glad Dinah left me.

Dis song I'm gwine to sing you, Is a - bout a gal called Di - nah, She

CHORUS. 1st Voice.
stole my heart a - way from me, Way down in old Car - li - na. Oh, I'se so glad

2d Voice.
Was't I mad, I'se so glad dat Di - nah left me,

So glad from my heart, I'se so glad dat Di - nah left me, So glad from my heart.

2
He eyes was like de turtle dove,
And her foot like de giraffum,
When she rolled her eyes at me
I'd almost die a laffin.
Den I was glad,
So was I!
Den she was mad,
Oh my eye.
So glad Dinah left me, &c.

3.
I took her to a ball one night,
And when we went to supper
She fainted and over de table fell,
And stuck her nose in de butter.
Den I was sad,
Oh my!
Felt so bad,
Tought she'd die.
So glad Dinah left me, &c.

4.
Dey used camphorene to fotch her too
But den it was too later,
A turkey leg stuck in her eye,
And she choked to death wid a tater:
Den I was mad,
You get out!
Den she was mad,
What about?
So glad Dinah left me, &c.

Don't mind Steven.

Oh law ladies, you hear talk of Steven, Steven's such a
 Ste-ven told a gal he'd buy her a bonnet, But he nev - er

li - ar done it, you nev - er can be - lieve him, } Oh law la - dies,
 you may de - pend up - on it. }

don't you mind Ste-ven, Oh law la - dies don't you mind

Ste-ven, For Ste - ven's so de - ceiven you nev - er can be - lieve him.

2 I went to a ball twas last Saturday evenin,
 I looked in de corner, and dare sot Steven,
 Steven licked his tongue out in de corner,
 A nigger gal see'd it, and I tought she was a goner.

3 I got a little water, and I flung it on de critter,
 I asked her how she feel, she feel a little better,

Den I shabed her head, put on a plaster blister,
 She looked de debble, or else de debble's sister

4 Steven had a dog, he neber told a story,
 He bark up de tree de coon dare surely,
 Steven cocked his gun, put his finger on de trigger
 Slam bang went de gun, and down cane a nigger

De Ole Grey Goose.

I am a nig - ger hard to beat, Hot from de North Car - li - na, De
 pret - tiest gal I eb - er saw, Could'nt come to tea wid Di - nah. Oh, look dar ! Oh, look whar !
 CHORUS.
 Oh look o - ber yon - der, Don't you see de ole grey goose, Smiling at de
 gan - der.

2 She was de prettist gal in town,
 De niggers do admire her,
 And ebry time dey see her strut,
 It sets dar harts on fire.
 Oh look dar !

3 I see'd her at a ball one night,
 Oh ! she looked so lazy,
 She wink for a lock of dis child's hair,
 To set de nigger brazy.
 Oh look dar !

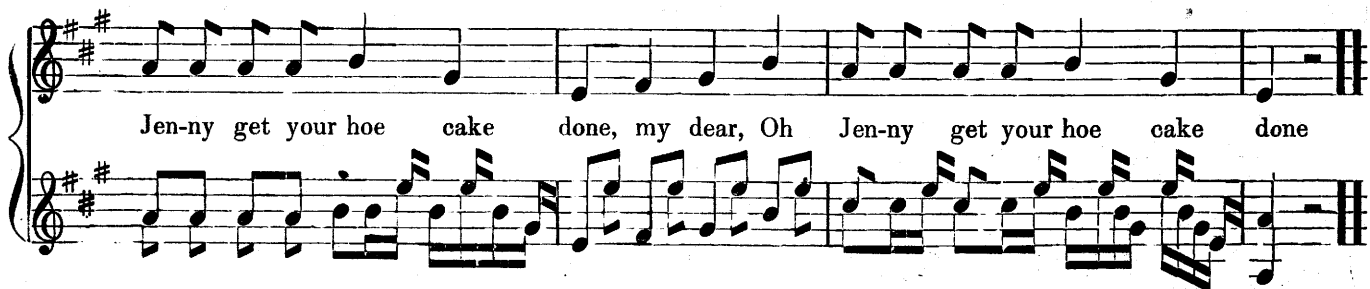
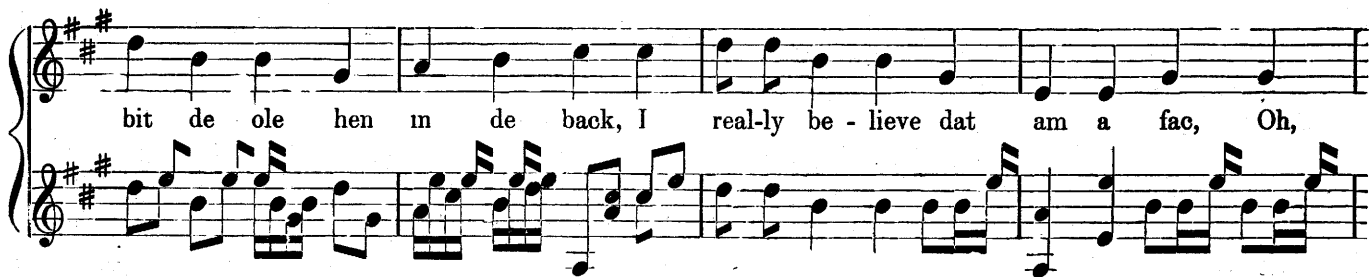
4 De ball was ober I took my seat,
 Clem Green he blow'd de bugle.

Dan Tucker he giv out de hymn,
 Dey called it Yankee Doodle.
 Oh look dar !

5 I thought dat I would bust my boots,
 To see dem niggers cryin ;
 One ole wench rolled up her eyes,
 Just like a calf a dyin.
 Oh look dar !

6 But comin to herself agin,
 I gave to her my hand,
 Her hair hung down her coal black cheeks,
 Like see weeds round a clam.
 Oh look dar.

Oh, Jenny get your hoe Cake done.



SYMPHONY.



- 2 As I was gwine long de road,
On a stump dar sat a toad,
De Tadpole winked at Pollewog's daughter,
And kicked de bull frog plump in de water.
Oh Jenny get your hoe cake done, &c.
- 3 Apple cider, an percimmon beer,
Christmas comes but once a year,
Ginger puddin and punkin pie,
Grey cat kick out black cat's eye.
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, &c.

- 4 Dare was a frog jumped out de spring,
It was so cold he could'nt sing,
He tied his tail to a hickory stump,
He rared an pitched but he could'nt make a jump,
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, &c.
- 5 Now white folks, I'd hab you to know,
Dare is no music like de old banjo,
And if you want to hear it ring,
Jist watch dis finger on de string.
Oh, Jenny get your hoe cake done, &c.

Darling Nelly Gray.

There's a low green val ley on de old Kentucky shore, There I've whiled many hap-py hours a-

- way, A sit-ting and a sing-ing by the lit-tle cot-tage doo, Where
d. c. sit-ting by the riv-er and I'm weep-ing all the day, For you've

lived my dar-ling Nel-ly Gray. Oh! my poor Nel-ly Gray, they have
gone from the old Kentuc-ky shore. FINE. CHORUS.

ta - ken you a - way, And I'll nev-er see my dar-ling a - ny more, I'm
D. C. § to FINE.

- 2 When the moon had climb'd the mountain, and the stars
were shining too,
'Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play. CHORUS.
- 3 One night I went to see her, but "she's gone!" the neigh-
bors say,
The white man bound her with his chain;
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane. CHORUS.
- 4 My canoe is under water, and my banjo is unstrung,
I'm tired of living any more,

My eyes shall look downward, and my song shall be unsung
While I stay on the old Kentucky shore. CHORUS

- 5 My eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way;
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door—
Oh! I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

CHORUS TO THE LAST VERSE.

Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there they say
That they'll never take you from me any more,
I'm a coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

-Oh, Ladies All !

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. The piano part is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The vocal part is in the same key and time. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

System 1: I went from here to Bal - ti - more, De long tail blue an

System 2: coat what I had on, I lay my head a - gin de door,

System 3: My heel work a hole right thro' de carpet. O la - dies

System 4: all! Ah, ah! my dear ho - ney!

2 Eighteen pounds in de corner ob de fence,
Lynchburgh gals hant got no larning,
I danc'd all night wid Fanny on de fence.
Until I run my head against a post.
Oh ladies all, &c.

3 Wid Fanny B. I fell in lub.
But darn my skin she gib me de sack.

When Fanny me began to snub,
Dis nigger felt as tho' he'd been struck wid a hot tate.
Oh ladies all, &c.

4 My heart was broke, I like to died,
I stuck my head into a pint of water,
To drown myself it was my pride,
When Fan step'd up and ask'd me in to take a chowder
Oh ladies all, &c.

That's so and you'd better believe it.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. The first system begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "A la - dy wants a house to dwell, As big as two or three ho - tel, Wid a". The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with lyrics: "dar - key tied to ev - ry bell, That's so, and you'd bet - ter be - lieve it." The third system is marked "CHORUS." and contains the lyrics: "That's so, and you'd better be - lieve it, That's so, and you'd bet - ter be - lieve it, With a". The fourth system concludes the piece with the lyrics: "dar - key tied to ev - ry bell, That's so, and you'd better be lieve it". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble.

- 2 The infant miss she wants a beau,
As soon as she cuts her teeth, you know;
The youth he wants a goatee too,
That's so, and you'd better believe it.
That's so, &c.
- 3 The South they would the States divide,
And fast words fly from every side
But they will never let the Union slide,
That's so, and you'd better believe it.
That's so, &c.
- 4 The Mormons now begin to see
Their fun is up, and so do we,

- So Young must run, oh yes Sir-ree,
That's so, and you'd better believe it.
That's so, &c.
- 5 And Brigham with his wives must go
A dancing on their heel and toe,
From that great lake so salty O,
That's so, and you'd better believe it.
That's so, &c.
- 6 Buchanan knows just how things run.
So Brigham need not try to pun,
For Scott will show him how it's done,
That's so, and you'd better believe it.
That's so, &c.

Down in Alabama.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The first system shows the piano accompaniment with a vocal line that includes the exclamation "Ah!". The second system continues the piano accompaniment and includes the vocal line "Ah! Way down south in de CHORUS. I'm so glad dat I". The third system features a more complex piano accompaniment with triplets and the vocal line "state of A - la - ba - ma - rum, State of A - la - ba - ma - rum, State of A - la - ba - ma - rum, come out de wil - der - ness, Come out de wil - der - ness, come out the wil - der - ness,". The fourth system concludes the main piece with the vocal line "If you dont pick de cot - ton you'll sure - ly get a ham - me - rum. I'm so glad dat I come out de wil der - ness, Down in A - la - bama."

2 My wife's dead and I'll get anudder one,
I'll get anudder one, I'll get anudder one,
Pretty hole yaller gal, just like de tudder one,
Down in Alabama

3 Way down south in de Choctaw nationum,
Choctaw nationum, Choctaw nationum
Pretty yaller gal on a big plantatiorum,
Down in Alabama.

4 I went to a dance and my heels kept a rockinum.
Heels kept a rockinum, heels kept a rockinum,
I balanc'd to de gal wid a hole in her stockinum.
Down in Alabama
I'm so glad, &c

Root Hog or Die.

Dis world it is a great one, I just be - gin to find, You got to trabble mighty fast, or

else you'll get behind, Ebrybody for demselves now is all de cry, Big pig or lit - tle pig, root hog or die.

CHORUS.

The bu-lgine is aw - ful fast, but the

te - le-graph is faster, Now nuf-fin e - ber was got up, but what is found a master. Do jog a-long.

2 Our country it is very large, de people all begin
To think very seriously of trying to fence it in,
Wid Nicaragua, Mexico, and Cuba we will buy,
Good or bad, we'll have em all, root hog or die.
Get vou rails and pile em up, call on General Walker,
He'll commence and boss de job out in Nicaragua,
Do jog along.

3 What can be done with Kansas, de Mormons, and Utah?
If I only had de power, I would make a law,
To let em do just as dey liked, as hard as dey could try,
Abolitionists and spiritual wives, root hog or die.
Give em rope dey'll hang emselves, let em go togedder,
Brigham Young and Gen'l Lane, look out for wily
wedder, Do jog along.

4 If any outsiders should attempt to interfere.
We'll stand upon our dignity, which sticks out very clear,
And show em dat dey have no right, by bloin dem sky high.
We'll make em mind dere own affairs, root hog or die.
Be sure your right den go ahead, dont think of backin,
As Davy Crocket used to say, for spunk I is'nt lackin,
Do jog along.

Rob Ridley.

1. In North Car - lina, in old Nash County, Nigger like me is sure to get a boun-ty,
 Ear - ly in de morn - ing de woods am a ring-ing, And my old mas - sa
 al - ways is a singin, Oh Rob Rid - ley Oh, Oh, Rob Rid - ley
 ho Oh, Rob Rid - ley Oh, Oh, Oh, Ro - bert Rid - ley Oh!

2.
 Oh, dey take me out on Tater hill,
 And make me dance against my will—
 Dey make me dance on sharp edge stones,
 While ebry nigga laughs and groans—
 Oh Rob Ridley, &c.

3.
 Oh nigga will be nigga, any how you fix it,
 Brandy will be brandy, any how you mix it;
 Five thousand niggas dancin Juba to de Cymbal,
 Oh, dear Moses, how dar toe nails jingle
 Oh Rob Ridley, &c.

4.
 I wish I was back in Old Carlina,
 Workin in de field along wid Dinah,
 I'd make de woods around me ring,
 And dis is de song dat I would sing,
 Oh Rob Ridley Oh

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